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Lotos Club
(New York, N.Y.)

Dinner in honor of
Mary Garden by the...

[New York]

[1922]

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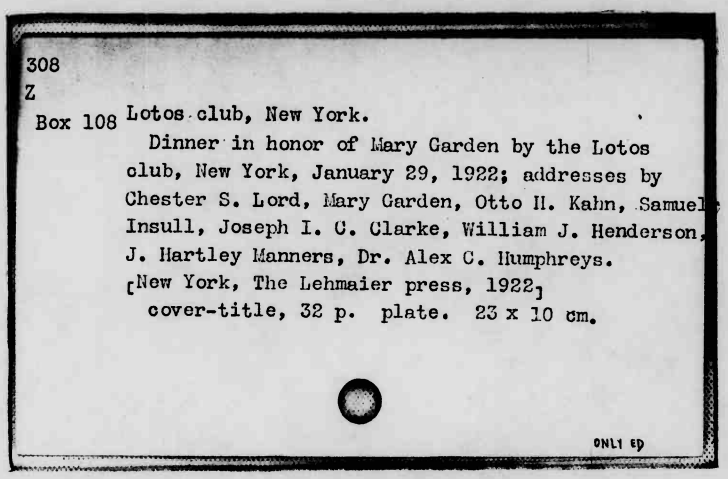
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Box 108 Lotos club, New York.
Dinner in honor of Mary Garden by the Lotos club, New York, January 29, 1922; addresses by Chester S. Lord, Mary Garden, Otto H. Kahn, Samuel Insull, Joseph I. C. Clarke, William J. Henderson, J. Hartley Manners, Dr. Alex C. Humphreys.
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Dinner

In Honor of

Mary Garden

By

THE LOTOS CLUB

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New York, January 29, 1922

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Addresses by

CHESTER S. LORD
MARY GARDEN
OTTO H. KAHN
SAMUEL INSULL
JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE
WILLIAM J. HENDERSON
J. HARTLEY MANNERS
DR. ALEX. C. HUMPHREYS

Reproduction of the Menu of the Lotos Club Dinner to Miss Garden.

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INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

Jan 29, 1922

Dinner

In Honor of

Mary Garden

By

THE LOTOS CLUB

New York, January 29, 1922

This record of the addresses on the occasion of the first Lotos dinner in honor of a lady, and which was attended by many lady guests, is sent to each member by order of the Directory.

Opening Remarks by the President Mr. Chester S. Lord

The President of the Club, Mr. Chester S. Lord, called the company to order and said:

Distinguished Guests, Ladies and Members of the Lotos Club: It is with very great pleasure that we gather this evening to do honor to a sweet singer. It is with pleasure that we divert our thoughts from contemplation of the turmoil, the bankruptcy, the starvation, the social wreckage of Europe; from that maze of mystery called American politics; from our carnival of crime with its assaults, its robberies; from the disregard of law and order; from the sorrows of this present-day disordered and unhappy world. It is a pleasure indeed to forget these things for a few hours and turn our thoughts toward more joyous things—to a contemplation of music, for instance.

For almost all natural music is an expression of happiness and of contentment. The little child begins to sing as soon as it begins to talk and its song always is a song of gladness—of sunshine, and blossoms, and dancing fairies. We are told that music is the language of the heavenly hosts; we are quite sure that the population of the lower regions do not break forth in song.

The happy heart is filled with joy; the heart bowed down is silent. The music of gloom and sorrow is the music of art, not the music of nature. The music of nature is filled with joyousness.

The Lotos Club ever has greeted musicians with a prodigality of welcome. In its earliest days Offenbach was twice a formal guest and frequently was a visitor.

In the Lotos parlors Strauss played the Beautiful Blue Danube waltzes soon after he had composed them; and the world has been singing and playing them ever since.

We had Di Murska with us at a ladies' reception, and she sang her favorite exhibition pieces from Dinorah and the Magic Flute. Camille Saint-Saens accepted our hospitality at a banquet with delightful modesty and beauty of speech. Hans von Buelow and Theodore Thomas were welcome guests, and so were the de Reszke brothers, to whom we gave a notable banquet.

It was at a dinner here to Anton Seidl that the late Robert G. Ingersoll made one of the finest banquet speeches ever heard in New York—or anywhere else, for that matter.

We entertained Paderewski, who played for us as well as spoke to us, and who, if I mistake not, made the club his home for a time.

And it seems but yesterday when the great Caruso stood just here murmuring his thanks and fingering a rabbit's foot that he drew from his pocket in the hope that it might give him luck in his encounter with the English language.

Not only have we entertained great singers, but we are pretty good vocalists ourselves. You should have heard the entire company joining in Christmas carols the other night, at our annual Yuletide dinner. You would have been as proud of us as was the mother in Sag Harbor whose son had been taking piano lessons in New York, preparatory to teaching. "How is

Johnny getting along with his music?" asked a neighbor. "Splendid! splendid!" answered the mother. "You can't tell the difference between him and a pianola."

Opera might be described as the moving pictures of music plus the music itself. It includes all the physical graces of action, of pose, of movement, of expression, to be found on any stage. It expresses any and all kinds of music, from the stupendous sweep of the full orchestra overture to the lament of the shepherd's pipe; from the magnificent climaxes of chorals, to the voice of the child. For these reasons it is the form of music most enjoyed by the masses. Dear familiar old Faust, for instance. In its three hours and a half of production we have almost every kind of music; contemplative music, love music, the merry music of villagers, martial music, dance music, church music, the music of triumph, the music of ecstacy, of sorrow, of despair, of terror, of threat. We speak of Faust as hackneyed because we are so familiar with it. So is the full moon hackneyed for the same reason; yet the full moon remains one of the most beautiful and impressive of all spectacles. If it were to appear to this Jolly old Earth once in fifty years only, you may be sure it would be the event of a lifetime to all the inhabitants of the world.

We welcome this sweet singer. She has endeared herself to us by the graces, the beauty, of her art; by her gladsome song; by her courage and her determination. We welcome her as an example of what a resolute woman may accomplish when she has a purpose to achieve. We all know that the history of opera as a money-making proposition is a history of operatic bankruptcy. It is only through the generosity of wealth that we may have opera in its approximate perfection. It is a great public luxury, mercifully made available to the public. The operatic director is not expected to make money out of opera; but he or she may exercise great wisdom and discretion in the selection of artists and in

artistic presentations, and in pleasing all the people, and it is in these accomplishments that our fair guest of the evening wins our admiration and our praise.

Ladies and gentlemen, I ask you to rise and join in a welcome to Miss Mary Garden.

Address by Miss Garden

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: It seems to me that all my life I have been making and breaking rules. Tonight I am making and breaking a rule. I believe I have the honor to be the first lady entertained in this magnificent club, and it makes me very nervous—it makes me very nervous to think how many great men in the world you have entertained, who have talked to you with marvelous confidence, and then you call upon me to speak in the place in which they have stood. I am never nervous on the stage; but I am not a speaker, and therefore you must excuse me if I do not meet your expectations as one, but I will do my best.

I think that the thing I had better talk about is what I love in life—speak of the thing that interests me most, and that is my work, and music. My whole life I have given to music. It does not make very much difference what school of musical art I am hearing, it all fascinates me and interests me to a degree that I cannot explain; it gets hold of me so terrifically that nothing else in the world holds interest for me—only that one thing, music, whether the Italian school, French school, or the German school; and when you get over to this country "The Jazz"—I adore it! There is a charm about jazz to me that is delightful, and I am hoping that some day or other we will have strains of it in something I can sing, for I love it.

I love all the organ grinders that come under my windows. There is one organ grinder who comes to the front of the house where I live on Park Avenue, and plays "La Traviata" out of tune; it has the

greatest charm for me, and when that organ grinder did not come this morning, on account of the bad weather, I presume, something was out of my morning. I am hoping he will come tomorrow morning with "Traviata." All music, it makes no difference, I love and adore.

Music makes me think of this magnificent world we are put to live in; it survives as the centuries go by—with all of our discontents and everything that does not go right, and the wars that make ravages in this wonderful world, all these things do not affect it—music always stays, through the efforts of some of the people who love it, and it delights those who follow, just as the mountains of the world delight the eyes of those who behold them today, as they delighted the eyes of those who lived hundreds of years ago.

I go over to Europe every summer, and I visit the mountains of Switzerland. I love to see them again—to find the snow is in the same place. I know their forms and their names, and as I go back again year after year, this magnificent panorama has never moved. I stand in awe in the presence of the great things of nature. Nature opens her arms to us, so we can live with her; but not many people care to live with nature; we do not live enough with nature; if we did, there would be more happiness than there is under our present circumstances.

You take the musical geniuses who write the operas and symphonies. They are not writing only for the present, they are writing for the future, and the results of their work will remain for years to come. They may be ruined by wrong interpretation, they may be ruined by bad singing, they may be ruined by poor representation, because they have not money enough to give luxury to them, but they stay just the same, and they will always stay, for they are great.

In my career I have created about fifteen to twenty works, and out of those fifteen to twenty works, two have died. As you may know by the press and probably by

myself, I am not a singer, and I think that is the only point that the critics and I agree on. I am a creator, and that is entirely different.

To sing a role, or to create a role, is an entirely different proposition. When you take into your hands a great work to create, it is, believe me, a tremendous responsibility. You have to be very sure of yourself, and realize the responsibility (which is yours) to give through you to the world a magnificent work of art, which a genius has written and taken years and years of his life to write, and has given to you to create and develop—that *is* responsibility.

When I went to Paris, after I had studied French for several years, I arrived right at the beginning of the modern French works. I arrived in Paris on the occasion of the first representation of "Louise," and after the thirteenth performance, I was asked to take up the part, which I did, and sang it hundreds of times. Then I followed with "Pelleas et Melisande." I came to these French works at the right time. I have only created modern French works, although I love the Italian, but it happened that I was in France at that time.

One day a man came to see me and sent up his name—Oscar Hammerstein. I asked, "Who is Mr. Hammerstein?" I was told that he was from America, and wanted me to go to America. I said, "I cannot go to America; I am too busy here." Then he went away. The following year he came back. I had found out who he was, and had learned that he had opened the magnificent opera house in New York, the Manhattan Opera House. I met him and liked him at once. There was a very great man. He was a genius, and like for all geniuses, you shrug your shoulders, you say, "He is crazy, he is crazy." All geniuses are crazy to the mob, but Oscar Hammerstein was not crazy, not a bit. Geniuses are never crazy in where their genius lies. Take De Bussy; he may have been crazy, but never certainly where music

was concerned; in that respect he was very sane. Michael Angelo was crazy, but not when he had marble in his hands.

It is a pity that Oscar Hammerstein came to this city ten years too late. He just did not have the necessary vitality to withstand the tremendous strains that were put upon him. He was ten years too late. I had a great many conversations with Oscar Hammerstein, and it was a favorite thing of his to say, "I want a string of opera houses from New York to San Francisco." People thought he was crazy when he said that, but that is exactly what is to happen—not a string of opera houses from here to San Francisco, but the institution you have here, the Metropolitan Opera House, for the East; Chicago, which we will take care of for the West, and the opera house that is being built in San Francisco, the memorial for their soldiers, which is a very good idea, which they are making into a magnificent opera house, and that will be ready next year; therefore we will have in the United States a great foundation for opera—New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. In the years to come, perhaps a hundred years, perhaps earlier, the smaller towns will build their opera houses in between these three great institutions. When you talk about France having these great geniuses, and all this wonderful music, do you realize we could put all of France into the State of Maine? And if it were only Maine we had to take care of in this country, it would be a very easy matter; but you have 3,000 miles of territory stretching across this country, filled with people who love opera, who love music, who have been educated to the most marvelous talent that comes to this country, and every year their education becomes greater and greater, and they become more difficult to please in their tastes, and they want the very finest of everything in music and in art, which is perfectly right.

Therefore it is time now to build our foundation in the United States for the future of music.

This is our last season in New York. We are going to let New York alone in the future. It is not a territory that belongs to us. We have nothing to do with New York. New York will take care of itself through the Metropolitan Opera Company. We are going to Chicago, and I am going to proceed on the idea that Oscar Hammerstein put into my head—a string of opera houses to the coast—and he was perfectly right. I have a veneration for that man. He saw so far ahead — he saw everything so quickly.

I did not know that they were going to make me the director of the Chicago Opera Company, when Mr. McCormick asked me to take it for a year, which I did. But if holding that position gives me an opportunity of furthering the plans which Oscar Hammerstein had in his mind, I shall be more than grateful for that opportunity. The New York institution is forty years old, our institution is only ten years old, just beginning to be great, just beginning to pay, and just beginning to be understood; but in fifteen or twenty years from now we will have an institution as big and as strong as yours here in this city.

I have two things for which to thank my father. One is that he went down an hour after I was born and registered me as Mary. Mother had been reading books and beautiful stories, and had selected a fantastic name for me—some beautiful name for me, and father said, "Not at all," and he went down and registered me Mary Garden, and I like that name.

The next thing I have to thank my father for is that when he was a very young man, and we were all small children, he came to this country, and brought us all here, and adopted this as his own country, and made it our country. I wonder what I would have been if my father had not come to this country? I probably would have landed in some little tiny town in Scotland, and married and settled down. That is about what I would have done. Anyway, I didn't settle down in Scotland,

and my father brought me to this gorgeous country which I adore. When you go to Europe to rest, you rest, and everybody is very nice; and when you come back to the United States, and get a view of those colossal buildings in the lower part of the city from down the bay, something arouses you and you feel energetic and want to work and do things, like every other right-minded person in this country. Every person has his day and every nation has its day, and certainly America today is in the beginning of her greatness. It is the most marvelous country in the world, and no one realizes it until they come here. When the foreigners come over they are paralyzed with the strength of it, and force of it, and the way everything is done—with such whole-heartedness.

There is one thing which fascinates me more than anything else in the world, and that is the fact that this country has adopted the prohibition law. I think to have gained such a law in this country, considering the independence of the people, where you can stand on a street corner, or take the first page in a newspaper, and say what you want to say, is a marvelous achievement. It is a most astonishing thing, to realize that the people of this country have been brought to the point where they have accepted a law that touched their pleasures so intimately as does the prohibition law. It is a terrible thing, as a rule, to touch our pleasures. We do not like to have our pleasures interfered with. The very fact this law was put through proves, beyond any doubt, your future greatness. It is magnificent! There is no country that has ever done it—that would have dared to try to do it, and to be able to stand up and say to the world we have done it is the greatest thing that has ever been known.

Anything that I can do in the way of advancing the interests of art and music in this country, and bringing about a greater appreciation on the part of the people of this country for the great modern works, and a love of them, will afford me the greatest possible pleasure, and if I can

be successful in that direction, I shall feel that my life has been really worth while.

PRESIDENT LORD: I am sure that all will join in congratulation to Miss Garden for her admirable address and the admirable manner in which she has presented it. It must add greatly to our interest in her work and to our hopes for its very great success. Miss Garden, you have our sincere thanks.

This is something of a Lotos Club family party we are having tonight. We feel that our fair guest is one of our daughters, for she is the daughter of one of our active, beloved and highly desirable members. What is a highly desirable club member? He is a gentleman who, by his daily walk and conversation, by his graces of good companionship, and by his prodigality of good-fellowship endears himself to all the other members. Such a Lotos member is modest Mr. Robert Garden. We are pleased indeed to note his presence here this evening, and also the presence of his better half, the mother of our guest. And I am going to ask Mr. and Mrs. Garden if they will not kindly rise in their places for an instant and let the Lotos members see them and greet them. (Mr. and Mrs. Garden rose and were greeted with a tumult of applause.)

It is narrated of the great Lafayette, who was a master of tact as well as diplomacy, that at a reception he said to a visitor, "How do you do, sir? Are you a married man or a single man?" And the visitor replied, "I am a married man, sir; I have a wife," and Lafayette shook him by the hand again, and cried: "Happy man, happy man—the most fortunate of men!" And soon afterward along came another visitor and to him Lafayette asked the same question, and the man replied: "I am not married, sir; I have no wife," and Lafayette embraced him and cried, "Lucky dog, lucky dog!"

We have always assumed that much tact and diplomacy are necessary successfully to guide an opera company. It isn't

exactly like running a Sunday school. And I always have felt sympathy, mingled with admiration, for our fellow member who carries so much of the responsibility of our big New York Company on his shoulders—sympathy because so many problems are to be met; admiration for his successful solving of them. I am pleased, indeed, to call on the president of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Mr. Otto H. Kahn.

Remarks by Otto H. Kahn

Miss Garden, Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen: Let me start by repeating a story that I heard my friend Charles Schwab tell recently. He and Andrew Carnegie were staying together in the country, and, going for a walk, came by a darky church. The thought occurred to them to drop in. They sat down on the last bench. At the end of the service, the preacher announced that the church badly needed painting, likewise the restoring of the fence around it, and that a collection would be taken up for that purpose. When the plate came around to Carnegie and Schwab, they each put in a ten-dollar bill. The plate was taken to the preacher; he poured out its contents, five-cent pieces, dimes and quarters, and suddenly he came to the two ten-dollar bills. His eyes grew as big and round as saucers, and he proclaimed in a voice quavering with agitation, "Sisters and brethren, the painting of this church will begin tomorrow morning and the repairing of the fence will also begin tomorrow morning—hold on!—if—if the two ten-dollar bills put into the plate by those two Northern visitors are not *counterfeit.*"

Not a few things that are being said and done in the course of life's routine are, I am afraid, justly subject to the suspicion of being counterfeit. Conspicuous among those things are after-dinner eulogies. Now, I propose to be one hundred per cent genuine and truthful in what I am going to say, first, because, fortunately, it is possible to do justice to the occasion without

departing from that exalted standard of virtue, and secondly because, in a life which has brought me in contact with all sorts and conditions of men and women, I have learned that the man who can fool a clever woman, such as our guest of honor this evening, who can make her believe that what he says to her is what he means when, in fact, he neither thinks nor feels it, that man has not yet been born. There is only one reservation to that general rule, and that is the case when a woman loves a man. But even then, it is not his skill in deceiving or dissembling that is fooling her. She is deliberately shutting her eyes and her ears and voluntarily lets him fool her. Inasmuch as, I regret to say, this reservation does not apply in the case of the present speaker, and sticking therefore to one hundred per cent truthfulness, I will say to you:

Mary Garden, you are more than a singer, you are a truly great creative artiste. You are an apostle and exponent of beauty. You have brought joy and inspiration to hundreds of thousands. We owe you a large debt of gratitude.

And I will say, secondly, you are a great individuality. No one can come in contact with you, without feeling the spell of your personality. You are true to yourself, you have the courage of your artistic convictions, you are utterly unafraid. In an unusual degree you exemplify in your person and career those qualities which in their combination we look upon as typically American: vision, daring, capacity, dynamic energy, shrewd common sense and idealism.

They say you are capricious. I dare say you are. I hope you are, for I have never known a great artist who was not. If you were built internally on the lines of dull regularity and conventional correctness of Jane Jones or Sarah Smith, you would not be Mary Garden. Just as Abraham Lincoln, when he was warned that General Grant absorbed a good deal of whisky, is reported to have said that he wished every one of the generals in the

army would imbibe that particular brand of whisky, so I wish more artists had your brand of capriciousness, and I trust that what is called your temper and your tantrums may be preserved to you for many years, because they are the concomitants and companions of your artistic nature.

Thirdly, I address you in your capacity as impresario. Here, the stipulation which I have proclaimed, of one hundred per cent honesty, compels me to check my utterance for the simple reason that in that capacity I have known you for one week only. That is too short a period of observation to justify me in holding forth on the subject of your achievement in that line of activity, but I do know from competent critics that in Chicago during the season just ended a new spirit appeared to have been infused into the company, that the public were enthusiastic in their reception and praise of the performances under your direction, and I know further that, by common consent, the Chicago Opera Company, in the week that they have spent here thus far, have artistically done better than ever before.

I do not know whether you are going to stick to the job of directing opera. It is a hard job, and a wearing one. If you do choose to stick to it, I am satisfied that you will make a great success of it, because you have the gifts and the determination to succeed in everything you touch. What you are going to touch, God only knows! Maybe, some day, we shall see you as Senator from Illinois. You certainly have had experiences tending to qualify you to participate in an International Conference, though how far you would go on the road of peace and disarmament may perhaps be open to question if recent newspaper stories may be believed.

You tell us that with the close of this season, the Chicago Opera Company will cease to come to New York. Personally, and in my capacity as Chairman of the Board of the Metropolitan Opera Company, I regret this decision sincerely. Lest, by saying this, I might put too severe a

strain upon your belief in my adherence to the standard of truthfulness which I have proclaimed for this speech, I will give you some of the reasons for that regret.

First, while I love the Metropolitan Opera, I love art more. We do earnestly seek to cultivate high art standards at the Metropolitan, and I hope and believe we are attaining them in our productions, but wherever else I can find the genuine article, I welcome it and rejoice in it.

Secondly, I believe in the stimulus of competition, in difficulties, obstacles and the compulsion of fighting to gain and hold your position. I like these things because they mean zest and keenness and effort and progress. And I dislike monopoly because too often and too easily it leads to routine and stagnant self-complacency. We of the Metropolitan submit what we venture to believe is a just claim for the approbation of the art-loving public of New York, but still a little prodding and pushing once in a while can do us no harm. I have always held and said that an annual season of limited duration by a rival worthy of our steel, is a useful and desirable thing. If, with all the advantages we possess, we were not able to hold our own in such a competition, we should indeed be presenting a sorry spectacle.

Thirdly, it is a well-established economic fact that the demand creates the supply. But, to a large extent it is also true that the supply creates the demand. I recall that when the project for building additional subways was under discussion some years ago, a considerable degree of apprehension was aroused among interested parties that the traffic on the existing subways would be seriously reduced by the new lines. As a matter of fact, it was soon found that the increase in facilities brought about an increase in use. A new army of subway passengers was created and added to the host already in existence, and after a very short while the enlarged supply was more than equalized by the enlarged demand.

And so, I believe, the greater supply of opera through your visits to New York has created a greater number of opera goers. Certain it is that the attendance at the Metropolitan Opera has not decreased since the Chicago Company's invasion; on the contrary, it has steadily increased. I have no doubt that you and your company have helped to stimulate and broaden the demand for opera; you have recruited new opera-goers and so far from harming the Metropolitan, you have done us a service and done a service, too, to the public of New York.

Please let me assure you that all this philosophy of welcome is not predicated on the fact of your ceasing to come to New York. Years ago when the late Cleofonte Campanini spoke to me about the plan of an annual visit by the Chicago Company to New York, I encouraged him to carry that plan into effect. Indeed, I told him that I was willing to aid in forming a Committee of Patronage among well-known New Yorkers and to participate in subscribing to an underwriting fund toward meeting the inevitable deficit. (I seem to observe that my friend, Harold McCormick, looks a little surprised at this statement. I suppose he has in mind a slightly acidulous correspondence that took place between him and myself on the subject of the Chicago Company's coming to New York, a few years ago. He will permit me to recall to him that the acidity related not to the matter of the project, but to the manner and the spirit in respect of certain preliminaries.)

At any rate, I made the offer aforesaid, but it appears that it did not meet with favor, for I never heard anything more about it. I suppose our Chicago friends were afraid of Greeks bearing gifts. Indeed, more than one instance seemed to justify the conclusion that those in charge of the Chicago Company were strongly impregnated with the impression that we wished them ill. Only a week or so ago a statement attributed to one of the leading sponsors of the Company appeared in the Chicago papers, which, among other

things, contained reference to the alleged fact that we had long endeavored, and were still endeavoring, to do harm to our Western operatic sister. Nothing is further from the truth. It would have been equally mean, futile and foolish if we had acted or attempted to act in that spirit. I trust that you, Miss Garden, never did attach credence to any such mischievous reports and will not attach credence to them in the future. Let me add that you are entirely safe also in attaching no credence to any suggestion that may come to you representing the Metropolitan as endeavoring to tempt away, through financial inducements, any artists under engagement to the Chicago Company. You are entirely safe in considering such suggestions, if they come to you, as due to artistic imagination stimulated by a desire for increased emoluments.

On behalf of the Metropolitan Opera let me assure you: We wish well to you, Miss Garden, individually, and we wish well to your Company. Very sincerely we hold out to you the hand of friendship, of comradeship and of co-operation.

You and we are engaged in a worthy cultural task. The performances of the Metropolitan Opera are listened to by audiences of close on to a million people each season. Opera is not the toy of Fifth Avenue; it has an important and cherished place in the lives of masses of people whose souls are hungry for the joys and inspirations which it brings. You have found the same thing in Chicago, and you will find it, I am sure, in all the places which your Company will visit on its tours. Indeed, you may find it there to a possibly even greater and more intense degree than here in New York, because people in those places have offered to them so much smaller a supply of artistic wares and because they have more leisure to think and feel than we have in this crowded and rushing city.

When universal suffrage was thrown open to the people of England, a great Englishman said: "Now we must educate

our masters." Yes, but what true democracy calls for is not only education of brain and character, but also education of the soul. To help awaken and foster among the people the love and the understanding of that which is beautiful and inspiring, and aversion for that which is vulgar, cheap and degrading; to teach the masses how best to exercise the muscles of their souls; to provide opportunities for them to give an airing to their innermost feelings once in a while; to furnish them an outlet for their emotions repressed all too tightly in the drudgery and commonplace routine of life—all these things call loudly to be done.

America has been called "the land of the almighty dollar." That certainly is not true now. I don't believe it ever was true. I think that even in America's most materialistic days the power of the idea, the impulse of the ideal, have been far mightier than the might of the dollar. It has never been typical of the American to seek dollars for their own sakes. He is seeking quite other and higher things, consciously or, more often, intuitively, and using the dollar as an instrument merely. The men of no nation in the world are as liberal and willing in yielding for altruistic purposes large portions of that which a lifetime of strenuous and wearing effort has brought to them of material reward.

America is a land, more and more, of high striving. Culture and art are being sought and honored in ever-advancing degree. We are accustomed to be generally considered, and to think of ourselves, as essentially matter-of-fact, but, in truth, we have a very large admixture in our makeup of sentiment and idealism. We are rather shamefaced about it, but it crops out ever so often, sometimes in queer forms and in unexpected places. We, the American people in general, are a good deal more susceptible and responsive to the call of what is high and handsome than we know or admit ourselves, and far more so than the neighbors and friends of each

one of us are inclined to give him credit for.

It has been said that this is "the land of unlimited possibilities." And that is true. The saying was meant in a material sense, but it is equally true in a spiritual sense. Underneath the crudeness, the newness, the strident jangle, the jazz-iness and Mainstreet-ness of this country, there lies all the raw material of a great cultural and artistic development. In this vast country, with its multifarious mixture of races, all thrown into the melting pot of American traditions, climate, soil and surroundings, every kind of talent lies latent. All we have to do in order to bring it to fruition, is to call to it, to look for it, and to give it guidance and opportunity.

The book of Art in America is young. Very few of its pages have been written as yet. It will be a great and resplendent book. And on its golden pages, a record of high honor and of grateful and enduring remembrance will bear the name of Mary Garden.

PRESIDENT LORD: It is with very great gratification I announce to you that we will now have the pleasure of listening to the sweet voice of one of the members of the Chicago Opera Company. Miss Mary McCormic, soprano, of the Chicago Opera Company, has kindly consented to sing to us, and I am sure that we shall enjoy her singing to the utmost.

Miss McCormic then sang two numbers and was heartily applauded.

PRESIDENT LORD: We will now have the pleasure of listening to Mr. Ulysses Lappas, tenor of the Chicago Opera Company.

Mr. Lappas then sang two numbers and was heartily applauded.

PRESIDENT LORD: We are honored this evening by the presence of one of Chicago's influential residents—a gentleman who long has been identified with her business, commercial and artistic interests. He has taken on but recently, I believe, the added responsibility of the Presidency of the Chicago Opera Company. It will indeed be a pleasure to listen to Mr. Samuel Insull, whom I have the honor to present.

Remarks by Mr. Insull

Mr. Toastmaster, Miss Garden, Distinguished Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Lotos Club: What I do not know about opera would fill a book, and a very large book at that. I have little that I can add to the speech of my distinguished predecessor. If it were not for the modesty that imbues most men who come from the Central West I would naturally claim some credit for tonight's reception by you of Our Mary, a Chicago product. We in Chicago owe a great deal to Miss Garden. She has done a great deal to make opera popular—popular with the masses, and, as my friend Mr. Kahn well said, it is to the masses and not to the classes that opera must look in the future for its support.

Besides owing a great deal to Miss Garden for the artistic productions which she has given us, and for her great personal work as an artiste, we owe a great deal to Mr. and Mrs. McCormick, who have supported opera and made it possible to create in Chicago, and the smaller cities of the Mississippi Valley and Pacific Coast, a desire on the part of the people for a permanent organization such as we hope to establish in Chicago.

We are going to try the experiment of appealing to the people to support a Civic Opera Association. We tell the people in Chicago today that if they want opera in Chicago in the future, they must pay the necessary money to enable us to produce it. I have little doubt but what they will do it.

Mr. Kahn referred to the general progress of the artistic spirit throughout the West. I think the Chicago Opera Association of today is a very good example of

that. When we go to cities as small as Helena, Montana, and Wichita, Kansas, and get a guarantee fund for two performances that will almost rival the nightly receipts of the Metropolitan Opera Company here in New York, or of the Chicago Opera Company at the Auditorium in Chicago, it is really good evidence of the progress of the artistic sentiment of the people, and is an evidence that the work originally started here in New York, and that has spread to Chicago, is work that has a real, solid foundation, and one which must spread eventually, as Miss Garden suggests, the country over.

As a Chicagoan, I wish to thank the Lotos Club for this magnificent reception to my fellow townswoman, Miss Garden, and to assure you that we very much appreciate the great honor which you have shown her this evening.

PRESIDENT LORD: And what shall we say of the next speaker? First of all that we welcome him again as an old and steadfast friend of the club. We welcome him as one who has long been identified with the journalism and the literary life of our city. He has been the poet on festal occasions, the orator at feasts, the president of patriotic societies, the author of books, a critic of music and of plays. I ask you to listen to Mr. Joseph I. C. Clarke.

Remarks by Mr. Clarke

After such a flattering introduction I hardly know what to say. At the usual run of banquets honoring celebrated people, the personal object of idolatry sits silent by the bland toastmaster, blushing or wryly smiling as the orators lay their garlands of rhetoric at his or her feet. Some are luxuriant, beautiful, thoughtful; some a little shopworn, frayed at the edges, recalling bouquets many times handled before; some are deftly shot across with dagger-pointed flowers of irony, some bitter with ugly weeds of sarcasm, and it shocked one's sense of

fitness that those poisoned shafts generally won a sharp, general laugh from the listeners — maybe human nature's revolt against the long, long stream of varicolored adulation. Who knows? Well, you have missed all that—and so happily has Mary Garden—or most of it.

Thanks to Mr. Lord we, the speakers, are the objects of your commiseration. To sit and hear yourself robbed sentence by sentence and thought after thought of the very things you had in mind to say, is afflicting. It recalls to me that prayer of the otherwise austere and holy St. Jerome, which runs: "Curses on all who have spoken the things I intended to utter." You have no idea what you have missed so far as I am concerned. Perhaps it is good for you, having heard it all from the fair and certainly sweet lips of Mary Garden. But I wish to say this—that Mary Garden, since my eyes first rested upon her, from the front of the Opera House, has charmed and interested, attracted and absorbed me. She has something which is very rare in her impersonations — an indefinable poetry, a compelling and fascinating personality, and, wonder of it all, the facility with which change follows change from night to night.

I had intended to say something about Oscar Hammerstein. I had intended to say a good deal, but now you know it all. It was his good fortune to have hit upon that idea of bringing French opera to this country. It was this opportunity—he was a great seeker for opportunities—and you have heard that it was in this way he brought Mary Garden to America. Nothing could be more just than that tribute to Oscar Hammerstein, and from no lips could it come with more grace than from hers. I echo from my heart everything she said. I knew the man in many matters outside of his grand opera ventures, in his earlier musical attempts, because Oscar was a composer of a kind in his early days. I was one of a jury that passed on his feat of writing a one-act opera—words and music, if you please — in twenty-four

hours! But he found his real forte when he became an impresario. In that regard it was a definite pleasure to see him sit with rapt expression, looking upon the face of Mary Garden. No man will say that he has looked upon her in the theatre with any other idea than pure art, pleasure and true delight. As complete absorption in the dream that she is following takes hold of you—you feel that her dream is being realized in her performance, its light in her eyes and on her face. You are carried along with a sense of an identity more complete and thorough than any other personality ever seen upon the operatic stage.

You have heard how she came to sing in France. You do not know what a long fight she made to get that opportunity. The coming of an unknown, unheralded person to volunteer to sing a part in an accepted and favorite scene is not always a welcome person in the office of the impresario. He listens good-naturedly, soberly, or cuts it off abruptly, according to his mood at the time, and he politely bows the person out, but it is something to Miss Garden's credit, something that has marked her career ever since, her grit, her perseverance, indicated by the deference which followed her first application. At last came acceptance and complete triumph. It is not easy for a person not familiar with the ways of French opera production to picture the chances of a stranger seeking a place in a Paris Opera Company, and the fact that Mary Garden secured that place in Paris was proof of what was coming later on. She scored her first success there as "Louise," the light-hearted and the blighted girl of Paris. Then comes "Monna Vanna"—there you have the full woman—a woman developed to a thorough understanding of what a woman is in the world. You have no idea, unless you have seen it, how that is borne in upon you, not by gesture, not by tone alone, but by the personality of the woman, by her artistic touch. You then feel the development of the dream. Nothing thrills me more deeply to finer points and more delicate appreciation than the young, fair "Melisande" of

Miss Garden. You can go down the list, and you can pick out other characters, you can pick out the parts which she has made her own, simply because it is that picture, that picture of the woman, the triumphant woman, the woman of many lives, and her personality is stamped on the character at once in every gesture.

I picture her as "Thais", the most generally loved part of all. From her first moment as the gay, triumphant, subtle Asiatic courtesan who grasps men's souls, you pass as in a compelling dream through her storms of emotion with a pang at your heart to the holy intensity of her expiation.

Then in the long list of her creations, I take "Salome", the lithesome, serpentine woman, who holds you in rapture through the terrible story, with a wonderful power and vision.

You come at last to my darling, my favorite, the "Jongleur de Notre Dame", and if you do not know that, you have missed one of the treats of your life. I consider it one of the most excellent things that she does. I think everybody with the heart of a man or the soul of a woman would take great delight in seeing her as the "Jongleur de Notre Dame", the young, charming boy, with the simple soul, who comes and offers his prayer to the Virgin in her chapel, alone, and his prayer is a dance. Nothing that Mary Garden enacts can ever take its place. I can never forget her exquisite beauty and constant charm in that part. I hope that she will go on creating characters, like those I have cited, and worthy of her art.

It was, indeed, a great junction, for which she can bless her stars, that such wonderful characters and such good music were born in France when she was there, because the French school is not what any other school is. It has a more delicate aroma, it has more entrancing qualities. It may lack the vigor and the swing of the Italian or the wonderful power, and sometimes the concentration of the German, but it is something that blazes a truly artistic line. The French are more finely artistic

than any other nation, and they have produced a drama the most artistic in the world.

Within the week past New York has witnessed and delighted in the Chicago Opera Company's performances here, yet we have been told that Mary Garden is going to be lost to us. She tells us so herself, and other people have said it. My esteemed friend of many ancient days, Mr. Insull, has in a general way claimed it, but we do not know—we cannot think that poor New York is to be deprived of this pleasure. Here you are, the entire public, with arms stretched to Mary Garden, and Mary Garden says—"I am going West." I hope not. I believe it is not the Mary Garden we know if she falls in with that plan, and I believe that she will be back a little later.

I have been asked to refer to Mary Garden as directress of the singing, and when I received the information it said that she was an "impressaria." It seemed to me that that was a pun, and I hate puns; but if I can say anything, it is that I think it unfortunate that this exquisite impersonator, this artistic creator, this sparkling personality should have to conceal itself in business management and the concerns of the struggling artists, seeking to make places for themselves in the operatic world, and yet all that is what Miss Garden has to do.

I have known a great many managers, and I asked one of them at one time, "What is your greatest trouble?" He replied, "I cannot tell you, they are too numerous to mention." I then reminded him that I had asked him what was his greatest trouble, and he replied, "My greatest trouble, the most annoying thing I have to deal with, I think, is the husbands of the women singers. These men come around and make all sorts of requests and suggestions at all times and interfere generally with the smooth running of the business of the opera company." I recalled that statement when I thought of Miss Garden as a manager, and it occurred to me that now the men will be out of their jobs. I do not

think the man is living who would face Mary Garden if she got angry.

I wish her all success, but it is like chalk on one side and cheese on the other. Each is fine in its way, but I wish and we all wish her all success, from whichever direction it may come.

I hope we shall see Mary Garden many times. I hope we shall see her, not to compliment her, but to sit in front of her, and be enraptured.

> "Take her for all in all,
> We shall not look upon her like again."

If she stands now by her announcement not to sing in New York, our hope will lie in the Frenchman's observation, "*Souvent femme varie,*" which may be translated, "She'll change her mind; take it from me."

President Lord: And what shall we say of the music critic? Year after year we have the same operas, the same orchestra concerts, the same song recitals. Year after year the critic listens to them and writes about them. We may imagine him saying to himself as he raises his pen: "This is the sixty-fourth time I have written about 'Aida'! What can I say now?" Yet he does say something that is interesting and important. Everybody who goes to a public entertainment likes to read about it next morning. We are especially interested in newspaper accounts of things in which we have participated. The critic writing for the sixty-fourth time about "Aida" knows this fact. He knows also that many of his readers are seeing "Aida" for the first time—young folks maybe, people from out of town quite likely—and he must interest them. He must be precise and correct—more precise and correct than was the school boy whom the discouraged teacher was trying to instruct in grammar. "What is grammar?" she asked; "what is it like, what is it for?" And the boy replied, "Grammar? grammar tells us whether a man is masculine, feminine or neuter."

I have the pleasure of presenting the old-time critic of the old New York *Sun* and the present New York *Herald,* Mr. William J. Henderson.

Remarks by Mr. Henderson

Mr. President, Miss Garden, Ladies and Gentlemen: I shall be brief. It is nearly half-past ten, and I want to get this in the first edition. I am very glad that I did not come here with a prepared speech, for several reasons. The reason which I had before I came here was that the man who goes into the presence of a woman with a prepared speech is surely going to say something else. The second reason is that Joe Clarke has said everything I was going to say about all of Miss Garden's performances; so let us be thankful that you do not have to hear it and I do not have to say it.

A long time ago, before I was born—it was as long ago as that—one man said to another man, "Which would you rather be, Homer or Achilles?" And the answer was, "Which would you rather be, the victor in the Olympian games or the Herald who announces the victory?"

I am the Herald announcing the victory.

I have been observing the performances of Miss Garden ever since she came here fifteen years ago, a juvenile prodigy. She has grown up under my observation. Something has been said about "Aida." I have never kept track of the number of times I had heard "Aida," but several years ago the dispute came up as to how many times I had heard "Lohengrin"—and I have a chance to hear it again tomorrow night—and we counted up the number of performances that had been given at the Metropolitan alone as 128. I think I have missed two or three of them.

Mr. Clarke said that every time you hear a work like "Aida" you hear it for the first time. Every time you attend a performance of Mary Garden you attend

it for the first time. It is always new, it is always old. It is always the same, it is never the same. It varies with every subtle nuance of her extraordinary utterance, and with every wonderful projection of that very masterful personality.

I told you I would be brief, and I will be, because the temptation of the critic, no matter whether he is sitting at his desk playing a fantasia on the typewriter, or standing upon his feet and talking, is to be like Hamlet, to emit words—words—words. But I *can* say this, and I am going to say it, and it is the only thing that has come into my mind—because Mr. Clarke spoke of the "Jongleur de Notre Dame," that is what we are, every one of us, we critics, jugglers of Notre Dame—jugglers of words, jugglers of phrases, jugglers of stuff for people to read the next morning about what the creator has done or not done; and like the "Jongleur de Notre Dame", all we can do, Madame, is to stand before your portrait and say—This is all we can do, and this is all we have to offer. *"Le pauvre Jean n'est rien qu'un vil jongleur"*—Poor Jean is only a vile juggler, but he juggles in the presence of your portrait, of all those portraits which you have hung up in the gallery of lyric fame, and they will not be the last. Time will go on, and it will be long, we know it will be long, but we know that the time will come when your portrait will be hung up in that great Central Opera House which will be built in Chicago to provide opera to Chicago and the West, and under that portrait they will inscribe the words:

> "This was she that was the world's delight,
> The old grey years were parcels of her might;
> The strewing of the ways wherein she trod,
> Were the twain seasons of the day and night."

PRESIDENT LORD: This Lotos Club of ours is rich in all kinds of geniuses—authors of repute, artists of note, lawyers of fame, men of millions—for a man who can make a million these days and keep it, is indeed a genius. We have actors and play-

wrights and managers—indeed the drama is quite as numerically represented as any of the artistic callings. And gracing our board tonight is our fellow member and playwright, Mr. J. Hartley Manners. And let me add that we are pleased to welcome also the cheerful presence of Mrs. J. Hartley Manners—"Peg O' My Heart"—Laurette Taylor. You all will be pleased, I am sure, to listen to Mr. Manners.

Remarks by Mr. Manners

Mr. Lord, our President, Miss Garden and Members and Friends of this Club: I think I rise at rather a difficult moment. It would seem that every tribute it is possible to pay Miss Garden has been spoken from this table.

I feel that we have had a rather emotional evening. But then, whenever I have gone to the opera to see Miss Garden I have always been emotionalized and thrilled when witnessing her performances.

I was asked only last Tuesday to speak tonight, and on expressing my gratification and surprise to our Secretary, Mr. Price, he reminded me that I was producing a *tonal drama* in this city, and for that reason I was deemed worthy to pay homage to our beautiful and gifted guest.

Among the many memorable dinners given in this Club was one to our beloved friend, whose absence we deplore tonight, Melville E. Stone. It was to signalize his return from a hurried trip to Europe in the interests of the great power he so splendidly represented. One of America's foremost wits at the dinner said that Mr. Stone's return reminded him of a little story anent a religious body in the State from which he came. One of the flock had died and a memorial service was to be held and the merits of the departed extolled. Unfortunately, at the last moment, the gentleman who was to have officiated at the service was taken ill and a substitute was hurried to the little chapel. Upon ascending the pulpit he suddenly realized that he

did not know the standing in the community of the deceased—*Mr.* or *Mrs.* or *Miss.* Looking down anxiously at the mourners he caught a friendly eye and asked anxiously: *"Brother* or *sister?"* The man smiled and answered: *"Cousin."*

Miss Garden, may I be pardoned if I ask from you the tribute of cousinship in the work my wife and I are trying to do in the American theatre? Music plays so large a part in the lives of the people in every walk of life. I have the highest appreciation of the work which you have been doing and of the great moral influence which has been exerted in the work you have done.

I do not think that Mr. Clarke has paid Miss Garden all the tribute she deserves. He omitted reference to one of the greatest parts she has sung—one that has endeared her to the American people more than any other of her matchless creations—"Louise." In that she was memorable. Its remembrance will never fade.

I feel that the theatre in America should represent not only the best in music, the best in painting, the best in architecture, the best possible in all walks of life, but it should be a temple representing the best the American people can do.

And may I say, in all humility, that is what I am trying to do in this city.

There is no character that does not call for the accompaniment of music, whether it be religious or jazz.

Miss Garden has done a wonderful work. I have seen her in everything she has put upon the operatic stage in this country. And though I yield to no one in my admiration for her exquisite performance in "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" I still think there is one creation of hers superior to that—"Gismonda." I had the privilege of seeing the first performance in the world of Fevrier's opera in Chicago, and in the second act Mary Garden transcended anything she had hitherto done in dramatic, forceful musical presentation. I have never been present at such an ovation given an *artiste* as was given her on that occasion.

Miss Garden is the first woman to sit at the right hand of our President as the guest of honor. It has been an inspiring event to watch her bow her acknowledgments to this company and to have listened to the most interesting address she made.

Several years ago a friend of mine was being piloted through South Carolina in the depth of winter by a highly intelligent and sure-footed colored guide. He suddenly stopped dead and pointing to a small group of people in what appeared to be a lake, exclaimed in surprise and sympathy that it must be a christening party. My friend suggested that it was unlikely, owing to the severity of the temperature. But as they drew nearer they found that it was in reality what it had seemed to the keen-eyed guide—an adult proselyte was standing waist-high in the chilling water, being received into the faith.

The guide trembled as though with ague, and in impassioned tones exclaimed:

"If I ever found the Lord in *December* I would certainly not say anything about it until *June.*"

With the snow thick upon the ground outside and the temperature almost at zero we have been assisting at Miss Garden's baptism in the Lotos Club and have watched the graceful inclination of her brow to the first drops of Mr. Chester Lord's christening wine.

This is a wonderful Club we have here.

I have attended many of the dinners given to famous people in this room. I have watched the entrée of Chinese and Japanese guests. I was here on an occasion, which Mr. Lord will recall, when the Ambassador from one of the greatest empires in the world said: "I am sorry that I cannot speak tonight as a guest is expected to speak. A message has just gone out from our empire that 'our backs are against the wall.'" And they were.

Tonight this is a different occasion.

It is the first time I have seen the charming sex mingle with the men to do honor to a guest. It is a wonderful night in the

Club and it will make the history of the Club more important in the future. It will be written down in the Club archives.

I will finish with a little story.

It is a true one.

One of the leading steel magnates of this country was invited to the wedding of one of his employees. He went. When the ceremony was over they all crowded into the vestry. In one corner crouched the bride, very nervous and quite unnoticed. In the corner furthest removed from her stood the bridegroom. The great steel master went to him and said, heartily: "Go and greet the bride." The young man brightened up. "Sure, Mr. Schwab." He hurried through the crowd of friends, approached the bride and holding out his hand, cried: "I'm mighty glad to meet you."

Miss Garden, in the name of the executive of the Lotos Club and our many honored guests tonight may I say that "We're mighty glad to meet *you.*"

PRESIDENT LORD: And now, to carry the family party idea yet further, may I call on another distinguished member of the Lotos Club—the Vice President of the Club, the President of Stevens Institute, Dr. Alexander C. Humphreys.

Remarks by Dr. Humphreys

Mr. President, Miss Garden, Ladies and Gentlemen: I am unable to speak learnedly about art, and particularly the art of opera. I am a plain matter-of-fact engineer who finds great relief and enjoyment in the several manifestations of art, including, of course, music and the drama, and the combination of the two in opera. I have enjoyed Miss Garden's acting, and particularly I remember the last time I heard the Opera to which allusion has been made here this evening—"Louise."

As Mr. Manners has just reminded us, the evening is growing late. I must accept it as a reminder.

If it were not ungracious in your pres-

ence, Miss Garden, I should say I was sorry to be called on as I do not pretend to qualify as an after-dinner speaker; but it may interest you to know that at the meeting of the Directors, when it was decided to invite you to this dinner—a proposition so revolutionary that I do not know of any men's club in New York where it would be considered more revolutionary than in this club—to have as the guest of honor at one of our formal dinners a lady—I want you to know that when this proposition was happily put forward there was not the slightest hesitation in acting unanimously and enthusiastically in the affirmative. Let me go farther and say I have heard from the members nothing but hearty approval of the action of the Directors.

In closing, let me say that I hope in the not distant future you will be willing again to honor us.

PRESIDENT LORD: Miss Garden, I want to conclude by saying, on behalf of every member of the club present tonight, that we are delighted to have had you here. We think it most gracious of you to have come, and we sincerely hope we will have you here again.

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